



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Coorg Simpo



👁 20 ✓ 0 ⭐ 1

Chapter 1 by TraderVic12

'Have you ever tried to play the hymn on a flute?'

'No.' I said. It was the middle of Wednesday and I had other things to do.

'I did. I tell you, it can be done' Johnson didn't give up.

'Noone can play the Hamosta Empire hymn on a flute.' I turned away from my computer screen to face him. There was blue sky and skyscrapers out the window.

'But I did it' he said with a half smile.

'Cut the crap Johnson. You can brag all you want, noone will ever believe you play the flute after that drunken performace.'

Johnson got a serious look on his face, and a little of disbelief. Like he couldn't see it coming.

Everyone bought it up once in a while, He probably just didn't expect me to do it too. He looked around, trying to change the subject.

'Just look at those tights.'

Before I could turn something rang loudly and I felt a dazzling sensation. I felt it before numerous times. I had a frontal lobe surgery when I was twelve and since then this sensation was a part of my life. I learned what it meant, and I knew now that there's not much time left. I had to go. It was time to set things right again, and I had to push forward.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Continue the story

Flag as mature receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(a870788d6ed9b8fd294b7654a8c8526b_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(18065afa4ef6662bca9f3f6088f7de30_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(b985170eefb48b9b3ef593e79310e8f5_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)